



The Gentle SAILOR.

A New SONG.

Gentle Sailor, oft you've told me,
That you'd never leave your love;
To your vows I now must hold you:
Now's the time your truth to prove.

Whilst our British ^{shores} ~~fleets~~ are guarded,
Have not Frenchmen brav'd our fleet.
Can a sailor live upbraided,
Whilst the French have dar'd to meet.

Hear me, gallant sailor, hear me,
Whilst our country has a foe,
He is mine; then come not near me.
I must weep, but you must go.

Can the sons of Britain fail her,
Whilst her daughters prove so true;
Their soft courage must avail her:
We love honour, loving you.

Tho' the flow'ry season wooe's you,
To the peaceful sports of May,
And lovers sigh, so long to loose you,
Love to glory must give way.

Love and honour both invite us,
Blow ye winds, auspicious blow
Every gale will most delight us,
That will waft us to our foe.

